

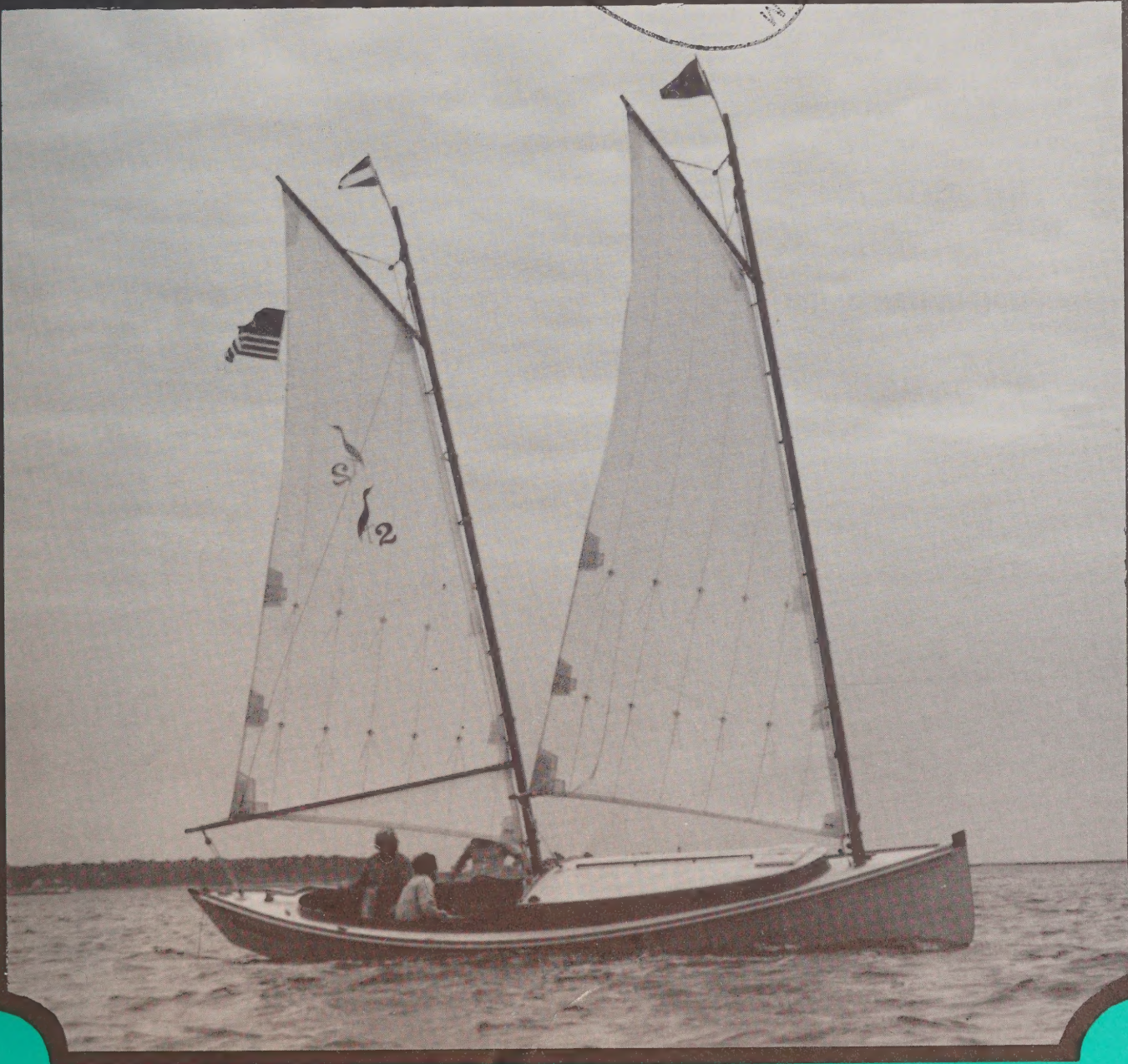
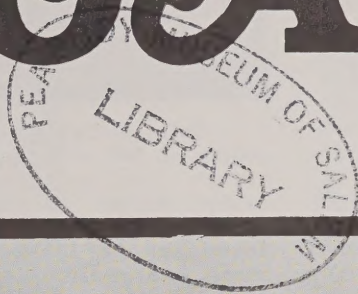
Twice a Month!



messing about in BOATS

Volume 3 ~ Number 13

November 15, 1985





messing about in BOATS

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Our Next Issue...

It will be continued catch-up
with articles accumulated here,
those on the launching of the RO-
BERT H. BAKER; the details on
building an Ozark John Boat; a fi-
nal report on the circumnavigation
of New England in the 26' schooner
VICTORY; the adventure of pad-
dling across Long Island Sound in
dense fog; a report on the fall ver-
sion of the Misery Island Row-
ing/Paddling Race; a story on row-
ing down the lower Connecticut
River; continued Adventures Down
the Bay; and maybe more.

On the Cover...

GRIMALKIN under sail, a mod-
ern day wooden replica of Commo-
dore Munroe's famed sharpie cruis-
ing boat, EGRET, built by Graham
Ero of New Haven, CT for Bob
Jones.

Commentary

BOB HICKS



*...and
nobody came!*

Well, almost nobody came to a
couple of fall events I happened to
attend. One was Henry Szostek's
second attempt to stage a rowing
race around Misery Island in Salem
Sound on the Massachusetts north
shore, where another bad weather
weekend kept participants away
(report next issue on what did hap-
pen though), the other an effort to
hold a nautical flea market at the
Ipswich (MA) Bay Yacht Club on a
fine October Saturday. If ever one
needed people to come to an event,
a flea market has such a need.

I went with a box full of no
longer needed sailboat hardware
and a big spool of 3/4" nylon an-
chor line likewise no longer need-
ed, much too big for my present
and probable future sailing craft.
Peter Watters went with his Bolger
Surf that he is trying to sell and
associated gear. Organizer Richard
Zapf went with his sailing kayak.
One other member of that club
brought a dinghy he had for sale.
That was it. A pretty thin group of
vendors.

Around the 10 a.m. opening
time about a half dozen people
turned up to "shop". Well, obvious-
ly they didn't need much time to
check out the pickings. It happened
that my box of "\$1 each" items did
rather well, along with the nylon
anchor line, I actually sold most of
my stuff right away and made my
morning worthwhile. And the man
with the dinghy sold it, that was a
sort of pre-arranged thing, appar-
ently someone had told him they
were looking for a dinghy and he'd
invited them down to the club for
this Saturday morning market to
check his out. The guy did, and
took it home. And that was all
there was to it.

Kind of disappointing. Why
didn't people come? It was promoted
locally at our Salem small craft
club and at the host club, not
really a big time promotion, but
still some 400 boat people knew of
it the week before. The day was
bright sunny and cool, and only
one or two boats left the mooring

area below the club during the
morning. So they weren't out on
the water. Where were they all?

Elsewhere, obviously. Rea-
sons? Maybe the end of the season
is a poor time to try this, burnout
time for boating, just get the boat
in for the winter and go on to oth-
er things. Like putting on storm
windows or raking leaves. Maybe it
isn't something that boat people are
interested in. This I find harder to
accept, though, buying (and sel-
ling) boats and boat stuff is a
pretty intrinsic part of messing a-
bout in boats. Maybe Ipswich was
too far away (15 miles) for the Sal-
em area people, Marbleheaders too.
Maybe you have to let 1,000 people
know in order to attract 50.

Several years ago I organized
one of these in my town of Wenham,
we got about 24 vendors and maybe
75 people came to look over the
stuff. I was disappointed, I had
extensively promoted it amongst the
boat people of the north shore area
and listed it in the area weekly
newspaper calendar. But I guess I
should have been pleased.

Well, Richard Zapf says he'll
try again in the spring and really
do a LOT of advance promoting.
The idea ought to go over, I
agree. I dabble a bit in the old car
game and attended a couple of LO-
CAL flea markets, 300 or more ven-
dors, 10,000 prospective buyers.
The major national old car flea
markets draw over 4,000 vendors
and 200,000 people. So there's some
precedent to shoot for.

So, it isn't enough to just an-
nounce your plans to hold an event
you think people will like. No, you
have to bang away on the drums to
the point of saturation like the TV
commercials. Just to get your pros-
pective participants' attention.

Watch for the spring nautical
flea market drum beating on these
pages come early spring. While I
have no personal stake in it, I'd
like to see the idea get a fair
trial. By then maybe I'll be need-
ing some good deals in gear.

Commodore Munroe's EGRET

In our report on the Wooden Boat Show in the September 15th issue we did a short item on Bob Jones' GRIMALKIN, a Munroe Egret sharpie built last winter. Bob had told me how he wanted to build a boat, but lacking the necessary skills, had hired an area builder,

Graham Ero, to build it for him using him as an apprentice, in effect teaching Bob as the boat was built. Well, Graham felt this might have given readers an incorrect perspective on his boatbuilding business, so here's his comment on the subject:

"In your WBS issue I was gratified to see GRIMALKIN mentioned. However, there were some significant points neglected and, perhaps, some misconceptions created. GRIMALKIN was built at Graham Ero's Wooden Boat Shop, 875 Quinnipiac Ave., New Haven, CT. It is not, and has never been, a boatbuilding school. It is, and has been for the last eight years, a wooden boat business, building boats such as GRIMALKIN under contract. GRIMALKIN was built under a specific contract which provided for the paid assistance of the owner on the project. She was completed a month ahead of the contracted schedule and launched from my trailer at Lighthouse Point, New Haven, on Memorial Day, 1985.

There need be no question or speculation regarding price. Munroe's EGRET can be ordered, water-ready, for the by no means extravagant price of \$28,000.

Graham Ero, Wooden Boat Builder."

Graham also sent us some lovely photos of GRIMALKIN which we are pleased to publish here since our only opportunity at Newport was a dockside one.



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Townie to the Races



EARLY -

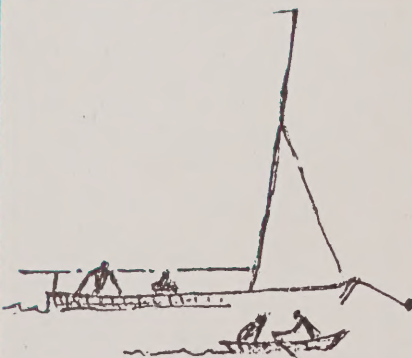
RACE...4

Another Sunday at the Dory Club. Noon. I'm early. The crew, a perfect stranger, and I become impatient waiting for the other members, so we take the canoe off the car, load the sails and gear aboard and paddle out to the boat. It is



IMPATIENT

almost awash. We bail with two large buckets that I had brought along. When the boat was sufficiently rescued, we bent on the sails, set the rudder, lowered the centerboard, and bailed again. By now others were rowing out to their boats and a passing pram hailed me. "Are you racing?" "Yes," I re-



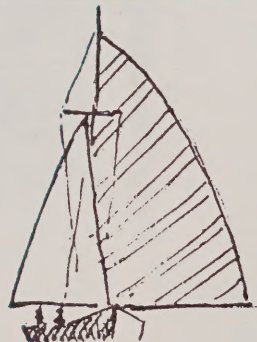
RACING ?

plied. "What's the course?" "The boat at Bailey's Hill (a 26 footer that never leaves its mooring) Flip Bell, Shags and finish over the starting line," gesturing and pointing all the while. "Got it?"



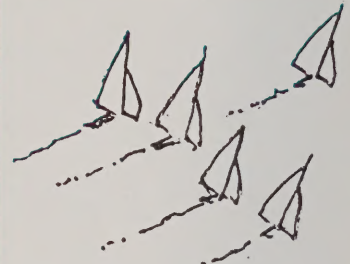
THE COURSE

"Got it," knowing full well that I didn't. "Can you remember the course?" I asked the crew. He responded with a weak smile and a weaker laugh. I shrugged. Now I knew I couldn't depend on anybody in this boat...including myself. The other boats were ready and underway before us in spite of our early start. I realized it would be a run to the first mark with the wind directly behind us. Well at



ON A RUN

least there won't be much thinking involved here, I thought to myself; and no bargaining. At the six minute gun we circled each other, building up the tension and severing all ties to humanity. At the three minute gun we assume position. Spread out we hit the line like a calvary charge at the starting gun. The mailsail was out to port and the jib whisker-poled out to starboard. Midway, my boat started to forge ahead. I hadn't done a thing. And since I didn't do anything else, the boat picked up more speed.



FORGING AHEAD

All thoughts of modestly chasing the fleet around the course vanished. Hell, I was going to win this race. As I approached the moored sailboat I realized, in a panic, that I didn't know where the next mark was. Where do I go if I



AT THE MARK!

round it first. All the boats were converging now and I didn't seem to have as great a lead as I thought. I was being blanketed and passed on both sides. I tried to remember the rules. What were my rights. overlapping, luffing, starboard tack, buoy room. Perhaps there'll be suggestions. Surprisingly, no one said anything to anybody rounding the mark. I found myself in the middle of the pack, discontentedly chasing the boat ahead making for a red bell (Flip) outside the harbor. All the boats seemed fixed in position until we reached the bell. I rounded the bell too close and the tide swept me onto it. It complained with a loud resonant gong. I accepted the in-



STRIKING THE BELL

dignation and the penalty...re-rounding it. In doing so, I struck it again. It gonged even louder. Everybody ashore and at sea must hear it for miles. If I hit it again I'll be playing a melody.



AGAIN

On the third try I stayed far away from it on the tidal side, made it by and started beating toward Shags far behind the fleet. I did the opposite of what the last boat did, in the hope that he would do the wrong thing. With that strategy, I dropped further behind. Apparently I was doing more things wrong than he was. The wind picked up, blowing in strong gusts as I reached the last mark. Jibing was required. I decided to play it safe, stay out of trouble, and come about. I came up into the wind and fell off on the other tack. The mainsheet got jammed and lines coiled around the tiller. We heeled over and started taking on water.



GOING OVER

The wind and the turning should have done us in, but the boat cleverly broke its gooseneck and scandalized the sail. Now we found ourselves running for the finish line on a rollercoaster ride with a half-filled boat and a sail that looked like a badly set spinnaker. I gave the crew the tiller and told him "Keep it straight and don't do anything else; the boat's got more sense than both of us." I started bailing frantically, producing a rooster tail. The bow was level



ROOSTER TAIL

with the water as we plunged ahead madly. I fully expected the bow to disappear. I kept myself busy to stave off a paralyzing panic. When there was less than a foot of water in the boat and the danger was over, I stopped bailing and lashed the boom to the mast with spare line. The rest of the fleet were at their moorings with the crews rowing for the clubhouse dock. We crossed the finish line un-noted, since everybody had retired to the clubhouse to talk about the race.

The boat showed its old reluctance to be moored. Given time, it calmed down and we secured it. I sat in the canoe and waited for the crew. He stepped in and stood up. The canoe responded by pitching him out. He decided, after a few



PITCHED OUT

attempts, that it was too much trouble to climb aboard. "I'll swim ashore." I paddled behind him. We walked into an empty clubhouse again. I was trying to convince myself that I had learned a lot from that race and that I could probably avoid some of those errors in the next race, when the crew burst out



"THAT WAS GREAT"

enthusiastically, "That was great! Is it always that exciting?" I started at him incredulously. I may have a permanent crew, I thought to myself.

By Tom McGrath.

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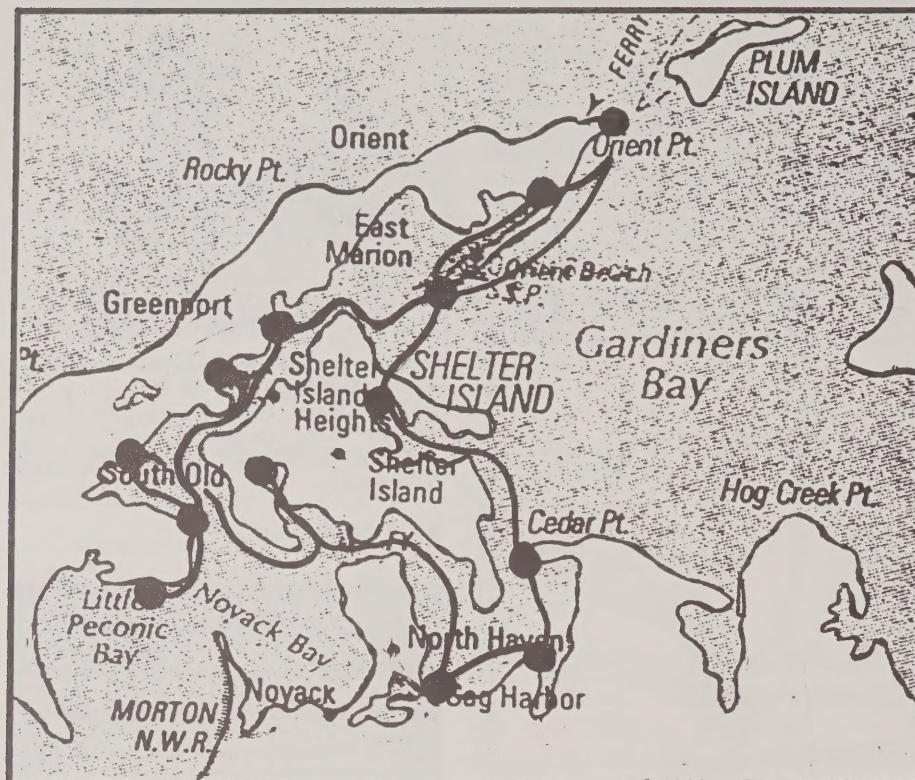
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Shelter Island Adventure

Report by Don Farrar
Reprinted from THE CURRENT,
newsletter of the Connecticut River
Oar & Paddle Club.

"Paddle, Betsy", I yelled, "we've got to get the bow around!" "I can't," she shouted back, "the current's too strong!"

Our kayak was being swept sideways and we were about to be bashed against one of the dolphins that line the ferry approach at Orient Point, NY. When I realized that it was impossible to push through the wash being thrown out by the ferry, I took a desperation backstroke on the right side. The bow swung around and we just missed the dolphin. With both of us giving mighty strokes on the left, the boat shot off on the opposite side of the dolphin and we were out of danger. All that remained was a rather rough ride to the beach and our trip would be over.

When we started out five days ago, we passed through the wash of the ferry holding itself against the head of the slip, but the sea had been calm and we had passed a little further out. The wash skewed us around a little but presented no real danger. How incongruous it would have been if we had wrecked just at the end of a beautiful trip only a couple of hundred feet from the ferry that was to take us home.

We had badly misjudged the combination of rough seas and the ferry wash. I doubt that we'll make the same mistake again.

We had left the ferry slip the previous Sunday afternoon and headed west towards Greenport. After a stop at Long Beach Point, we cut across the channel to Shelter Island. The water was fairly rough with two to three foot chop which was increased to four or five feet

by the wakes of some of the larger powerboats. Needless to say, there was much spray blowing on Betsy as we slid off the top of a wave and down onto the next. At times the bow plunged under and now and then we shipped a little water into the open cockpit of our Jennifer Jean wood/canvas kayak; not enough to cause alarm but enough to cause one to pay attention to the business at hand.

After crossing the channel it was an easy ride around the northeastern tip of the island but we had to recross the channel again to get to Greenport. The chop wasn't as bad there although the traffic was still heavy. Twice we approached the edge of the channel and turned back because of the traffic and large wakes. On the third try we made it.

After an early dinner and a short walk in Greenport, we continued west, past Fanning Point and into Pipes Cove. At the western end we landed on a small beach at the edge of a large wooded area. About an hour before sunset we set up the tent, moved the kayak into the woods and shortly after dark we were sound asleep. During the night we were hit with one of the severest thunderstorms that we can remember but we stayed dry and the trees sheltered us from the wind.

Monday morning was cloudy and breezy as we paddled out of Pipes Cove, around Conkling Point and into Southold Bay where the wind had whipped up a two foot chop. We went straight across the bay toward Paradise Point; a very

rough two nautical miles.

Great Hog Neck provided shelter for the water just beyond Paradise Point and the paddling was easy. We had a beautiful and gentle cruise along a mile or so of sparsely populated beach. We stopped at Cedar Beach Point to rest, swim and acquaint ourselves with the surroundings.

To the south we could see Jessup Neck which separates Noyack and Little Peconic Bays. The west neck of Shelter Island was behind us to the east. Nassau Point lay southwest. We were surrounded by green forests and brown beaches that jutted out into sparkling blue water. Far off to the south, steep cliffsides reached from sea to sky. A solitary fishing boat moved slowly through the cresting tide rip off Jessup Point.

Our rest period over, we put out heading straight across Hog Neck Bay for Nassau Point, three miles away. Out in the open bay we found the water a lot rougher than we liked with a two foot plus chop on our beam. Deciding that it might not be safe crossing under those conditions, we turned into the wind and chop and followed the shoreline west. The going was tough and progress seemed painfully slow. There was no place to land as the shoreline was all private beach. After an hour of this effort we passed the last of the beachfront homes. Another half mile and we landed on a gorgeous beach that sloped up to a small dune.

During the afternoon the wind was measured at 15 to 20 mph with

sustained gusts to 25 mph. Listening to NOAA weather radio didn't give us much hope for less wind in the morning. Also a hurricane named Bob had moved north into the Carolinas and was expected to maintain a northerly track for the next day or two. We chose not to push any further southwest. In the morning we would go to Southold for food, etc. and then start around the west side of Shelter Island. The remainder of Monday afternoon was spent drying out our gear, exploring the area and relaxing in the sun.

Beyond the dune, about a hundred yards of sawgrass covered sand sloped down to a bright blue lagoon. A couple of sailboats swung on moorings among the emerald islets. On the far side of the lagoon a few scattered houses could be seen. Referring to the chart, we found that the area is known as Laughing Water. It couldn't have been better named.

As sunset approached the wind was still blowing hard so we set up camp. After an outstanding sunset, we settled down in the still buffeted tent for a good night's sleep. During the night there was another storm. It rained torrents and the wind shook the tent but we slept peacefully.

Heading east out of Hog Neck Bay Tuesday morning was an easy ride. The sea was calm and a light west wind was at our backs. On the north side of Paradise Point the wind had already whipped Southold Bay into a steep, short chop. A long hard hour later we went ashore at Southold's town landing.

After a good breakfast and stocking up on water and food, we took a short trip up Jockey Creek before starting out into Southold Bay.

Once again, the bay was its usual rough ride but this time we were sailing. We found that our four foot square beach umbrella made a fine downwind sail. We arrived at Paradise Point at just about maximum flood which favored us and we dashed across the channel and around West Neck.

We paddled through West Neck Harbor and up the creek to West Neck Cove. Late afternoon had arrived and we weren't having much success finding a campsite. Finally we found an uninhabited arm of a creek that extended a few hundred yards into an isolated marsh with a dry wooded area with a gentle slope on which to land the boat. Camp was made in the weeds beneath overhanging trees and after supper we sat back and enjoyed the evening.

Wednesday morning was clear and calm. NOAA weather still predicted that the storm and an approaching front from the west would collide over our area on Fri-

day so we kept to our plan of catching the ferry on Thursday p.m.

Paddling out of West Neck Harbor we caught the ebb and made it around North Haven Peninsula and into Sag Harbor in nothing flat (about an hour and a half). Most of the morning was spent walking and shopping. We returned to the boat with a fresh supply of water, beer and juices and took a tour of Sag Harbor Cove and Paynes Creek before leaving the area.

Once outside the Sag Harbor breakwater we took a course to Barcelona point. Again the west wind favored us so we set sail with the multi-purpose beach umbrella. A moderate chop had developed but it was still a pleasant one-and-one-quarter nautical mile trip.

The beach was 40 or 50 feet wide and met abruptly steep earthen cliffs that rose to a height of 80 feet in places. The afternoon was spent sunbathing, swimming, exploring and collecting shells. Later in the afternoon we paddled back to Sag Harbor to shop for supper.

After a pleasant and relaxing visit to an outdoor cafe, it was back to the boat and a return sail to Barcelona Point where dinner was prepared. Menu: Oysters on the half shell; mussels steamed in butter; sauteed onions and tomatoes; mushroom ramen into which the mussels, onions and tomatoes were stirred; buttered rolls and beer. An after-dinner stroll around the point added several choice selections to Betsy's growing assortment of shells.

Once again we were treated to a beautiful evening and a spectacular sunset. Another day in Paradise came to an end.

Thursday was to be a busy day as we still had a stop or two before catching the ferry later that afternoon. After breaking camp we sailed the kayak to Cedar Point and cooked breakfast on the beach not far from an abandoned lighthouse. Then back to the boat and a short ride on calm seas to Coecles Harbor at the eastern end of Shelter Island. The trip up the harbor to Coecles Marina was an easy paddle/sail through smooth water with pretty landscapes on either side. We took a break at the marina for coffee and pastry and a browse through the ship store. A short sail northward brought us to an easy portage into the western end of Gardener Bay; just a mile and a half south of Long Beach Point.

We stopped at Long Beach to swim and sun while waiting for the tide to turn in our favor; however by the time we got the ebb, the weather had deteriorated and the sea was quite choppy. The better route now would be on the inside of the island through Orient

Harbor into Hallock Bay and then portaging at the end of the marsh. Taking this inside route put the ebb against us but it was obviously the safer choice. With a little help now and then from the wind we made pretty good time.

Once we had portaged back to the outside it was only a mile to the ferry slip. The weather was now quite rough and we stayed as near the shore as was practical. We had to go a good way out to get around a fish trap and found it to be a very rough ride. Once around the trap, we headed inshore. The last obstacle now lay ahead of us, the wash from the ferry. We really didn't want to go way outside of it. We knew it would be a wild ride out there so we tried cutting a little deeper into the wash than we should have and ... oh, yeah, that's where I began.

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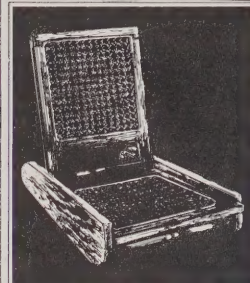
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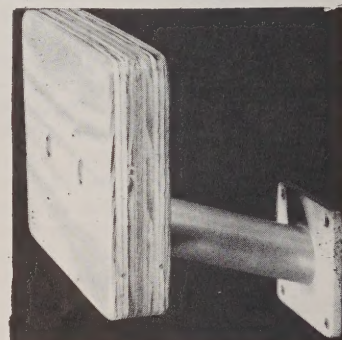
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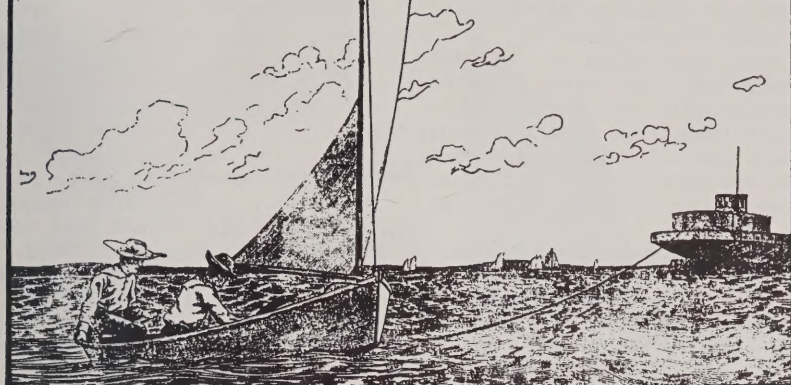
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Adventures Down the Bay



Wallace P. Stanley, Author

Published in 1901

H.N. Cady, Illustrator

CHAPTER 3

"I don't know about this wind!" I remarked, at last, about half an hour after we had left the river.

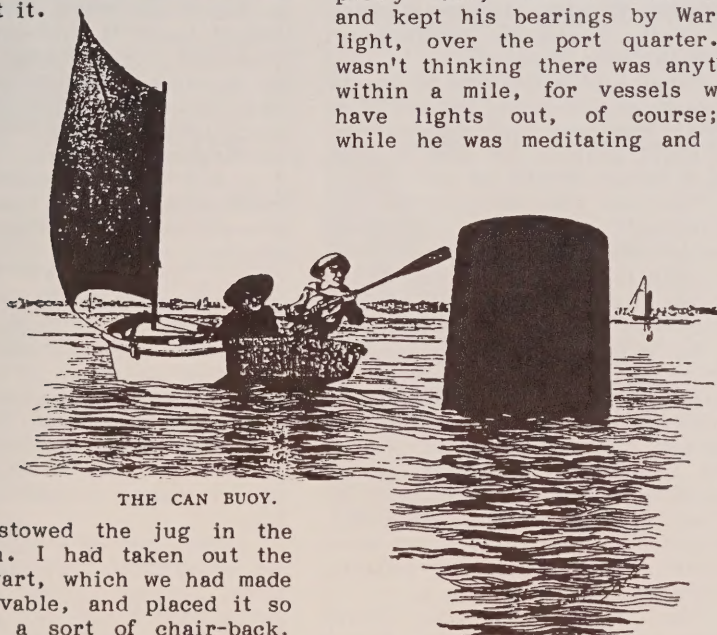
"Nor I don't quite; but I feel pretty certain it's getting tired out, and we'd better head for Pop-pasquash."

"And where then?"

"Give me something easier. Do'no's I care, so long as the old boat stays under us. Look there! - port bow - that's the can buoy; let's go down by there."

"All right."

"Look out for the water-jug! The sun's shining on it," he said, when he had altered the course. "They say hot water's healthy, but I feel as if I could last out this trip without it."



THE CAN BUOY.

So I stowed the jug in the shade again. I had taken out the forward thwart, which we had made easily removable, and placed it so as to form a sort of chair-back, which I could lean against while seated on the floor of the boat; this was our habit in fair-weather sailing.

The can buoy marked the place of "Ohio ledge", more than a mile from shore, which was always covered by water. At first it was a little black speck; but as we drifted down towards it, it was seen to be painted bright vermillion, with two black bands at the top. I had never been close by it before, but Joe had once been there fishing.

He steered so as to almost graze it, then up with his oar and gave it a farewell whang. The noise was deep and solemn; 'twas quite a big affair of iron, riveted together like a boiler. "I bet it sounded louder to Steve Timson, one night," he said. "He was coming up from Prudence, and it fell dead calm - same as't'll be now, in another quarter of an hour. 'Twas pretty dark, but he rowed away, and kept his bearings by Warwick light, over the port quarter. He wasn't thinking there was anything within a mile, for vessels would have lights out, of course; so while he was meditating and pul-

ling along, all alone, he had to plunk straight into that thing. He said it was a cross between a can-

non and a church bell, and it's a wonder he didn't jump right out of the boat, and it made him madder'n you can think, and he'd a'scattered the old hogshead, if he'd had anything along to do it with. He was looking over his shoulder all the rest of the way up."

As Joe had predicted, the wind, which had been growing fainter and coming in fitful puffs, soon died entirely away. The surface was like glass - smooth as Harlow's pond, up the Pequonset, the last time we saw it.

"Well, the next thing is to wait for the southwest wind," said Joe. "I guess we can weather Pop-pasquash point from here." He had a few "fiddler crabs" on board, so he got out one of the lines, fastened on a crab, and hove it overboard. I took an easy position, and looked drowsily at the tranquil surroundings; I didn't care to try fishing unless Joe should have some luck. The schooners were drifting about near Patience Island; the three-master had lowered her head sails, and had no doubt anchored to keep from being carried back by the tide that set up the "West Passage." Far to the north-west, a good-sized steamer was gliding steadily along; I fancied I could hear the low hum of her paddle-wheels.

Suddenly the TRITON began to lurch and roll about; the sail flapped from side to side. Joe looked up, startled, but said in a moment: "That comes from a steamboat somewhere; but at first I thought it was you, and wondered what you were about. There she is," he added, pointing to the boat I had just been watching.

"See the can buoy!" said I.

The swell had just reached it, and it was bobbing and nodding in quite a lively style for such a heavy-looking affair. "Those waves never'd have reached here, if there had been a wind to break them up," Joe remarked.

"How do you make out fishing - any bites?"

"Not a nibble; it's no use, I'm going to row; I'm tired of lolloping 'round here!"

So he wound up his line, tied the sail up out of the way, and shipped the oars; while I sat in the stern to trim the boat better. "Pretty different, this, from rowing up in the river," he said in a little while. "There you can see just how much way you are making; but 'way out here, with everything two miles off, you don't seem to be getting along at all."

"I'll tell you," I rejoined, "just shut your eyes, and pull about two hundred strokes, and then see how far we've got. I'll steer," and I shoved the third oar out over the stern.

"All right," he agreed; and he

looked around to get it into his head just where we were, then shut his eyes, and pulled his hat-brim down to shade them, besides; and we each began to count the strokes. I pointed her stright for Poppasquash point, which looked a long way off, in the warm haze above the quiet surface. But it did seem nearer when Joe took a survey at the end of his two hundred strokes; and he said he saw quite a difference. "Wouldn't you like to try it?"

As it was my own notion, I couldn't very well say no; although it was pretty warm, with the sun pouring down on us in the calm, and I wasn't suffering for need of exercise. But first I called Joe's attention to the mirage, or "looming" of the long stretch of Prudence, to the south.

It wasn't anything especially wonderful to see; and it showed more or less every hot day, but just then rather more than common. The distant strip of blue-gray coast, rising into low hills to right and left, and notched here and there at the upper edge with scattered trees and houses, was doubled, the same as things are when they are reflected in still water; and the whole thing looked as though it was hoisted up a little above the real surface of the bay, like a long band of stratus-cloud lying along the horizon. In the middle were the tall chimney and sloping roofs of an abandoned fish-oil works, which showed off the effect more strikingly than anything else.

"Don't those old works look something like a steamboat!" I observed, "the chimney for a smoke-stack, and that gable-end for the paddle-box."

"Something, maybe, but come, heave ahead, or we'll never get anywhere."

At that moment the boat was again rocked slightly by a succession of low swells, much feebler than the first. We looked around for the steamboat, but none was now in sight.

"They're the same ones traveling back again from the shore," said I, "just as when you drop anything into a tub, the circles keep running back and forth from the middle to the rim."

Then I began on my two hundred strokes, but when I got to about a hundred and sixty, a faint "wish" struck my ears, which grew louder very fast, and my eyes popped open just as Joe cried, "Look!"

A little steam launch was a few hundred yards astern of us, coming in the same direction, though I could see that she wouldn't pass very close. I hadn't looked at her five seconds before I saw she was coming like a shot, growing larger, and the noise

louder, like an express locomotive, though she was a little thing, anyway. It didn't seem a quarter of a minute before she was whizzing by us, about a dozen rods off; her model was very long and narrow, like a racing shell; and the puffs of steam followed each other from her exhaust pipe in a "thr-r-r" like a steam fire-engine.

There were eight or ten men on board, about as many as she'd hold comfortably; and I'll bet their hats were jammed on tight; it must have been like scooting on a toboggan. We couldn't seem to get a good look, she was off and away so quick,

"That must be one of the Herreshoff boats," said Joe, "out on a trial trip, maybe. Well, they couldn't have a better day for it. Wish they'd given us a tow; wouldn't she snake us along, though?"

"Well, I'm in no great hurry. I'm hot, though, and I'm going to cool off with a swim 'fore I row any more."

"Second the motion!" said Joe.

So in two minutes we were overboard, and the water felt good; 't was no cooler than we wanted. We got out the painter, and tried, for the fun of it, to see how we could pull the boat along, but we didn't make out much. Sometimes we boys amused ourselves by turning a boat bottom up, and then ducking under and coming up with our heads in the dark air-space inside, but we didn't try it with the TRITON, this time; we thought 't would be rough on the cargo.

We swam off to a little distance, and practiced various antics and evolutions. We were all alone out there in the bay, except for our little floating island yonder; how small it looked, drifting on that wide, calm expanse!

"What a nice fix we'd be in, if the wind should come up all of a sudden! The sail half spread, the wind could get enough hold of it to make it rather lively for us!"

"And our clothes in there, and everything!" added Joe, grinning appreciatively. "But it don't look much like it. I'd most be willing to risk it, if 't would get the wind here quicker."

But a few minutes after, while we were in the boat dressing, Joe happened to glance southeast, through the narrow outlook between Prudence Island and Poppasquash, which had been opened for us by our rowing. We could see a bit of the bay six miles more southerly than our position, and beyond were the hazy hills of Aquiday Island, the largest of all.

"See that blue line down there!" he cried, "and that sloop marching right along, with all sails filled. She's got it, and we'll have it, too, before long."

So we made ready for it; Joe stowed the pair of oars in the bottom of the boat and loosed the sail, and I shipped the leeboard, for we would have to cross the course of the wind, and perhaps work against it a little.

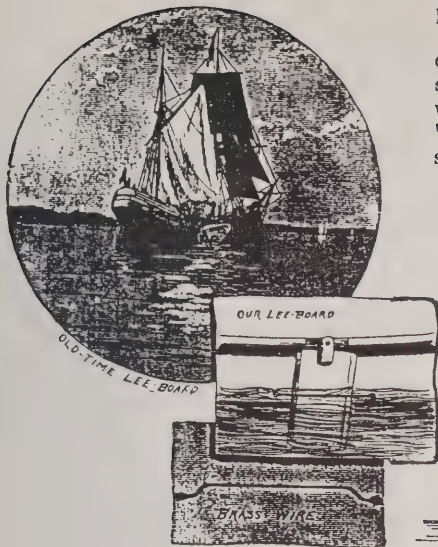
Possibly you don't know what a "leeboard" is, but if you live near the water you're likely to know what a centerboard is, and it answers the same purpose, to keep the craft from sliding off sideways when you want to sail a course that brings the wind "forward of the beam" or so that it blows on your face rather than on your back.

Now the TRITON had no keel whatever: even the "skag," or plank which ran lengthwise along the middle of the bottom, to strengthen it, was fastened on the inside, instead of on the outside, as is more commonly done. So, however we might trim the sail, we couldn't go more than six or seven points away from the direction of the wind without making leeway, and if we laid her across the wind, she'd make about as much headway sideways as forward. Still, we didn't care to put on a keel, for it would be troublesome in hauling her ashore and shoving off again, besides grounding sooner in shallow water. As for a centerboard, 't would be quite a job to put one in, and there'd be a good chance for leaks to start around it, and, above all, it would be in the way; we particularly wanted all the room there was.

Now I had heard of the leeboards used by the Dutch fishing smacks, and by crafts of more consequence, in old times. They were fastened to the vessel's side by a pivot at the top, like the shield to a key-hole; when they needed it they'd lower it into the water, and when not, they'd haul it part way up by tackles rigged to the lower end. At such times they would slide over the mud-flats without needing much water.

But we didn't exactly want to have such concerns fastened on all the time, dangling alongside whether we happened to need them or not, for we'd have to have two, of course, so as to be able to let down the board that happened to be on the lee side, whichever way the boat was going. If we had only one rigged on and needed it when it happened to be on the windward side, you see it wouldn't take long for the pressure of water to pry it off, it being fastened only at the top.

So I got up a plan which suited us exactly. Our leeboard was of pine, seven-eighths of an inch thick, and a foot and a half by two feet and a half. When shipped, it was held against the side of the boat by a length of brass wire about the thickness of a lead pencil;



there was one of these on each side, and their ends were curled around so as to make loops big enough to hold the brass screws - the largest I could get - which fastened them to the boat, from which they were separated (except, of course, at the ends) by space enough to let the board be easily shoved down inside them. A fender-strake an inch thick ran outside the gunwale, and the upper end of the board came up against this, where it was held by a button, and the buoyancy of the board

kept it from slipping down out of place.

Generally we didn't trouble ourselves to shift the leeboard from side to side as we tacked, and so it was sometimes "lee" and sometimes "weather" board; but on a long stretch we always put it on the




windward side, because, as the sides of the skiff "tumbled home" towards the bottom, the careening away from the wind would set the board squarely against the resistance, and make it tell to the best advantage; and there's where it went ahead of a centerboard, be-

sides taking up next to no room when we weren't using it. So the name of "windward board" would suit it better than "leeboard." The edges were beveled down so as to cut through the water; the brass wires, of course, were always under water, but they were too small to hinder the boat any. It's plain that this arrangement wouldn't do for any boat that wasn't flat-sided; but that's so much the worse for the round-sided boats.

Before long, the blue streaks began to show on the hither side of Prudence, while near us the clouds were still perfectly mirrored. The ruffled spaces kept growing wider, and running together, reaching out toward us in long capes. Now we could distinguish the ripples; the smooth water lay mostly behind us, and at last the welcome breeze fanned our faces and the sail swung lazily to leeward.

The wind blew from several points to the west of south, and we found we could shape our course so as to weather the point. The TRITON's bow was parting the gurgling water faster and faster as the breeze freshened, and Joe shifted his position further to windward, as she careened to it. The waves grew by degrees till the light skiff danced and nodded as she careened across them, but we were in the lee of Prudence, and they could grow no further.

(Continued Next Issue)



Mashapaug Dinghy has a modern sail plan on a 20' mast and 11' boom. She is quite fast in light airs and tacks very close to the wind. Has a distinctive look, and better yet, is really fun to sail.

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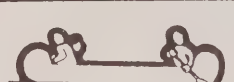
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*From out of the past comes... **FLEET-O-WING!***

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

One of the fancier (and costlier) of the daysailers we reviewed in our October 15th issue from the Wooden Boat Show was the FLEET-O-WING, an 18 foot carvel planked keelboat from the late 1930's. That name is surely '30's vintage, it was chosen in 1938 by Pert and Marcus Lowell of the then named firm of Marcus Lowell & Son of Newbury, MA, for a brand new design they had commissioned Sparkman & Stevens to create for them. At the time, K. Aage Nielsen was working for S & S and it was he who came up with this design. The Lowells built two for the Coast Guard Academy sailing program and then World War II came along and the building mold was put away in a barn in Amesbury, MA. After the War, the Lowells returned to building their increasingly popular Town Class 16 foot one design centerboarder and the shop moved to nearby Newbury. The FLEET-O-WING building mold languished in Amesbury and faded from memory.

About 40 years passed and then one day the phone at Pert Lowell & Co., Inc. rang, the caller a person from Amesbury who inquired as to the disposition of this old boat frame they had out in the barn that was supposedly the property of Pert Lowell. Now in his late 70's, Pert still has the shop with his son-in-law Ralph Johnson now carrying on the heavier day to day work while Pert concentrates on his busy mast hoop trade. The FLEET-O-WING! Indeed, from out of the past it came, a now 45 year old design, but one with so much charm and appeal that it would be a logical fancier companion to the still being built Townie. Wooden boats were back in vogue with some people after the fiberglass rush has subsided into everyday routine, maybe now was the time for the return of the FLEET-O-WING.

Well, it wasn't easy. There were no plans. And the old S & S Boston office was long gone, all the old designs stacked away in car-

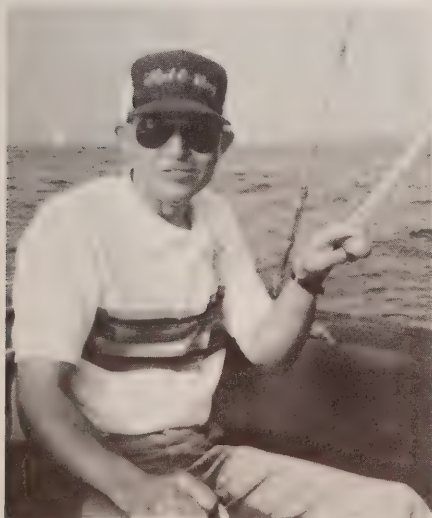
tons in the library at S & S in New York. A call determined that, yes, a search could be made at regular library research hourly fee, and about \$700 later the plans were found and sent to Newbury. During the winter of 1984-85 the crew of Ralph Johnson and Ed Hammer built FLEET-O-WING #3, 45 years after #2 had been completed. And in early August of 1985 it was launched at Christmas Cove, ME, as part of the K. Aage Nielsen owners rendezvous organized by A.G.A. Correa. Amongst the ten or so Nielsen designs that turned up, FLEET-O-WING was the only NEW boat! And she got a lot of attention. Pert sat alongside the boat at the floats smiling happily, certainly a nostalgia trip for him, he was in his mid-thirties when he'd built the last one!

I had a chance to sail the boat at that time for a short outing (because so many others were also taking turns) in mild air and it was a pleasant ghoster with an ea-



sy helm, easy but precise. Then in late September, we had an afternoon outing on Salem Sound with Ralph, a bit more breeze, though nothing heavy at all, and the little keelboat tramped right along with little fuss. It was a nice trip to windward, the tall marconi rig quite effective, moderate heeling, much more sedate reactions to puffs and chop than the centerboarders of this size I had been out in. Three of us in the deep roomy cockpit (Ralph, my wife Jane and I) had lots of room, six will fit comfortably. The afternoon was golden and it just might have been the last sail of the season for me, since I'm sailinmg in other people's boats this year it seems.

Docked at the Corinthian Y.C. not to long prior to my outing in her, the FLEET-O-WING attracted attention from the Marblehead yachtsmen, and one inquiry was about it as a "Herreshoff" design. It does have superficial resemblances to a small Herreshoff keelboat, but it's not a copy. K. Aage Nielsen had, by 1938, his own style of work, and it seems to have been well founded for the boat today, 47 years after being designed, is an attractive, comfortable and nicely performing daysailer for one to six persons. And built by the Pert Lowell crew to traditional wooden boat standards, it's a well made craft too. The price is around \$15,000, so it's not a budget boat. Pine on oak, painted and varnished, wooden spars, dacron sails, all brass and bronze fastenings and all traditional bronze hardware, FLEET-O-WING is a resurrection that works. Pert Lowell & Co., Inc. is located on the Parker River in Newbury, MA on Lanes End, just off Rt. 1A. Drop in and have a look at FLEET-O-WING if you're in the area, or call in advance if you want to be sure a look can be arranged convenient to your schedule, they're at (617) 462-7409.



Builder Ralph Johnson smiles at the helm.

MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS



WELL, HOW ABOUT THE TIME ...

launching the good sloop VIKING came to a crumbling halt? I had grabbed a 2x4 as she started to lurch, hoping to provide some much needed support. Of course, it went straight through the bottom planking.

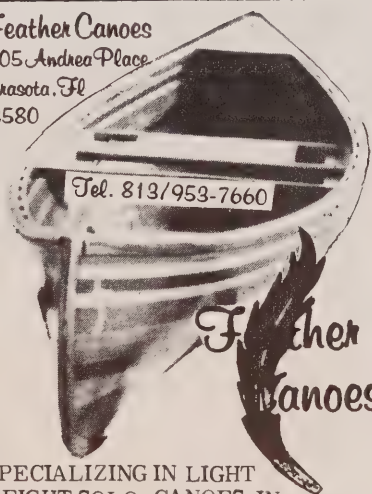
Roger figured he could work on a replacement that night if only we had the right piece of lumber. It was then that we spied the dis-

carded plank from an old lifeboat, probably off a Great Lakes freighter.

That night by the light of a lantern we replaced the broken plank, caulked it and painted it. From that day on until the day I sold VIKING, the interior sported the announcement, plainly painted on that plank, "Cap. 22 Persons."

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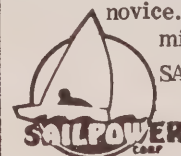
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What's been happening...

A ROUNDUP OF READER REPORTS ON HOW THEY'VE BEEN MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS

SCHOONERS RACE AT MYSTIC SEAPORT

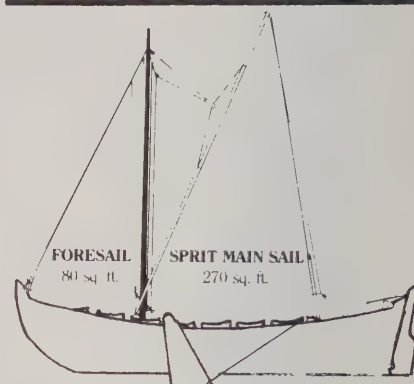


September 21st found 25 schooners taking part in Mystic Seaport's 18th annual Schooner Race on Long Island Sound in hazy, warm, sunny conditions with a southwest wind of 10 to 20 knots. A wind shift into the west midday slowed many of the participants on the first and longest leg of the race and a few withdrew after wearying of battling the adverse wind AND the adverse 5 knot current.

Overall winner was FORTUNE, a 50 footer from Newport, RI owned and skippered by Don Glassie. The 1926 built schooner, winner of four previous events here, covered the 16 mile triangular course in 194 minutes. The Seaport schooner, BRILLIANT, had the early lead, but was overtaken and finished 16 minutes down. In smaller classes, SEAWARD, owned by Joan and Walter Greene of Yarmouth., ME won Class B and TYHEE, owned by William Wertenbaker of Rockport, MA won Class C.

The largest vessel in the race was WESTERN UNION, a 130 footer from Philadelphia. The 46 year old schooner is owned by Vision Quest, an organization that works with emotionally disturbed adolescents who usually end up in correctional or mental health institutions. The sail training is used to give these youths a chance to earn self respect. The Joseph Conrad Award was presented to WESTERN UNION for the largest crew under the age of 18. This boat, built in 1939, is the last of the ocean going schooners used to lay and maintain international telegraph cables by the Western Union Telegraph Company.

ABOUT THAT SHALLOP



Our recent article on sailing in the Plimoth Plantation shallop (Oct. 1st issue) prompted a note on its building from reader Rollin Thurlow of Dover-Foxcroft, ME:

"Just a note about the Plimoth shallop. There were two builders from Maine who built that reproduction shallop for the Plantation in the winter of 1956. Mick Fahey, who had been superintendent of the Hinckley Yacht Yard in Southwest Harbor had resigned because he didn't want to build fiberglass yachts. He was hired to build the shallop and he took along another builder from the Island (Mt. Desert) and together they completed the job in only two months! They used period tools during the day for public viewing and power tools at night!

Mick just died this past winter, but Jerry Stelmok has an article about Mick and his boatbuilding in an upcoming issue of WOODEN BOAT magazine."

MIGHTY MERRIMACK RIVER ROWING RACE

Sunday, September 29th, two days after Hurricane Gloria passed through New England, was a golden day, bright sun, mild breezes, perfect fall weather. Despite the disruption caused by Gloria, 30 rowing craft turned up in Amesbury, MA for the Mighty Merrimack Rowing Race, many of them with two or more oarspersons aboard. The sponsoring Custom House Museum of nearby Newburyport was delighted with the turnout, the largest yet for this event, which is limited to oar propelled craft, although no longer just traditional wooden types.

The sliding seat singles were

the fastest, as would be expected, and four of them provided a thrilling last dash to the finish 3.5 miles downstream from the start, where the assembled onlookers behind the Custom House could enjoy it. Don Curry of Buxton, ME took the win, but Henry Szostek of Prides Crossing, MA became last moment recipient of 2nd spot when Jim Forrest's oar blade broke just before the finish and Doug Pinciario took on a slop of water from a wake.

Three traditional wooden dories took part in their own class, the original focus of this event, Steve Nyman of Amesbury the win-

ner. And seven multi-crewed boats went at it, four of them from the nearby Triton School of Byfield. But it was Tom Stonehouse of Sanford, ME and his crew that beat out the 1984 winning crew from the Hull Lifesaving Museum by over 2-1/2 minutes.

Curry did the course in 31:05 to finish first, and the #4 Triton team came home in 60:30 to last place in overall time. Fastest of the "traditional" craft was the Piscataqua River Wherry crewed by Dan O'Reilly and Steve Emery, finishing in 32:05, 6th fastest overall and beating 10 sliding seat boats in the process.

GREAT ROUND GERRISH ISLAND RACE

The Gerrish Island Race near Kittery Pt., ME is a gunkholing race, according to this year's organizer, Doug Martin. It is also sort of unique in that it welcomes any sort of non-motorized small boats. The boats have to be small because that first mile or so of the seven mile course winds through torturous salt marsh channels, and even at the high tide the race is scheduled for, these channels are in places barely wide enough for a six foot beam. This "gunkholing" portion of the course places severe burdens on sliding seat boats where the long oars and outriggers simply will not fit and the boat has to be poled or paddled. And the sailing craft that enter run into problems too, keeping a fair wind with all the directional changes.

The 1985 event on September 14th was the 11th annual affair, an enduring challenge obviously. The long four mile open ocean stretch from Brave Boat Harbor back down to and around Kittery Point can be rough going if a strong southwesterly is blowing, but this year a-

gain it was a moderate day. The sea kayaks dominated the overall placings, Ken Fink again coming home winner, as he did in 1984 in his Nordkapp. The first seven craft were all sea kayaks, 5th place a double. First of the oar powered boats was the Piscataqua River Wherry (right at home here) of Dan O'Reilly and Steve Emery, but they had another wherry, that of John Aborn and Doug Hatch to contend with all the way.

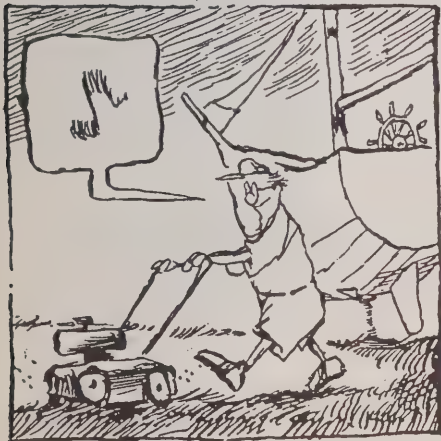
The absence of sliding seat craft was noticeable, both the Aldens entered were rowed by women, Lyn Dorsey in 12th overall and Janet Howe in 20th. The course record is still held by an Alden but the men who went after it here in past years decided to stay away. Must be that marsh section.

Sailing craft were mostly sailboards, seven of them in all, with John Porter on his Wayler coming in 24th overall. But, the efforts of Joel McMullin to get his 21' Sea Pearl around the course drew much attention, once out into Brave Boat Harbor he was in the clear, but

getting through the marsh? He was 34th though, not last, beating several of the sailboards. Obviously the wind was no help this year. McMullin sailed up from York the day before and camped aboard his boat in the marsh overnight. Following the race he headed back home down the coast, the only entrant not to trailer in (who wasn't a local).

The gunkholing race entry broke down into the following types: 12 traditional rowing craft; 11 sea kayaks; 8 sailboards; 5 sailing craft; 3 sliding seat rowing craft. A variety of awards are presented at this event catering to various unique categories, for example there is a 1st Dog award (won by the Boley's dog), a 1st Gloucester Gull award for those entering that Bolger boat (3 did), a 1st peapod and a 1st Whitehall, as well as classes one would expect, ie. kayak, woman, sail, etc/. It's a fun day on the water, a long and challenging course, and a wrapup on an island off Kittery Point with free beer and steamers.

THE SAILOR RETURNS TO THE SEA . . . ALMOST



BRIAN BARLING - STAFF

nearby mountain. The boat is a natural asset - a presence that lends a charm and grace to his world. And who knows? Maybe it will even float.

The boat is a 16-foot sailing craft. If it were a dog, it would be described as a mongrel. It is white - just barely. The mast is perilously tall - 24 feet - and rakish: a nautical leaning tower.

The new owner is guilty of cardinal innocence. He bought his craft out of water - an act of faith comparable to purchasing land in Florida by mail. When did the keel last kiss water? The previous owner was mysteriously vague.

The new owner - the old sailor returned to the sea (almost) - has hoisted the mainsail, and, he reports, it flaps with a most satisfying smack. The rudder swivels neatly, with barely a squeak.

The day is coming when the boat will be launched, and what must be will be, one way or the other. But the once-and-future sailor is in no hurry. Everything in due time. After all these years of anticipation, he is in the habit - content to anticipate a little longer.

There is a small pond nearby, so shallow that, even in the middle, bulrushes peep above the water. Here the old sailor plans to dip a toe, so to speak, just sort of float his new toy and see how she balances, and if she leaks. But even before this shakedown cruise

our captain has a long list of duties. Gotta do some caulking. Gotta get grommets. Gotta buy small line. Gotta paint the hull, Hatteras white - even the name sounds salty.

Meanwhile, life on dry land has to go on. So the old sailor, carefully adjusting his skipper's hat, mows the lawn around his boat and gives it a full-nozzle spray when he washes his car.

At such moments, the boat simply sparkles, shinning white with hope. Well, practically white.

It is August, and after two months the maiden voyage remains on hold. Will the boat stay dry through another winter?

Somewhere a breeze blows soft and balmy off the water until the nose thinks it can smell the fragrance of far-off islands. The old sailor and his boat sit on a hill at the end of a dirt road.

Besides planting an acre of beans and tomatoes and corn and peas and asparagus and squash - and a whole row of Jonathan apple trees - the old sailor did what a man should do when summer comes. He proved himself a chap of action, still open to adventure after all these years - when, of course, the proper moment comes.

Only an insensitive friend - really no friend at all - would ask the old sailor when, or if, he's going to sail. You know, ACTUALLY SAIL. The old sailor is so happy already, just thinking about a fair wind in Tahiti.

By Melvin Maddocks

Reprinted by permission of
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

A friend has celebrated summer by buying a boat. He had waited to buy a boat more years than he cares to remember - ever since finishing his stint in the Navy.

The boat perches like a beached whale on his lawn, at the end of a dirt road, perhaps 25 miles from the nearest navigable body of water.

It is very much a symbolic boat.

The new owner looks at it as he looks at the towering spruce outside his kitchen window or the sheep that skip like white clouds across his pasture or the sun that sets in gorgeous streaks behind a

CATBOATS RALLY IN SALEM SOUND

Jerry Jodice came up with a new idea for this year's version of the Catboat Association north shore race, a rally instead. Ala sports cars. The rally course out in Salem Sound off Manchester, MA was defined by six clues on the entry sheet, and participants were instructed to sail any course they chose in order to visit all six locations given in the clues and record the required observations. As usual in the past, the start was an at-anchor one with all sails furled. And, to add precision to the affair, an elapsed time of 3 hours, 20 minutes was specified, entrants were to arrive at the finish as close as possible to 2:30 that afternoon, with one point penalty assessed for each second early or late.

Well, this was all rather radical stuff for the weekend sailing racer, but 19 boats took part, two of them "officials" and thus not counting in the results. But, why shouldn't the "officials" have a good time too? The concept worked pretty well except for final tabulating of results, when it became obvious that the time required to review each clue sheet and award points for correct clues (7 clues times 17 sheets) would be excessive. So the awards were made on the basis of closeness of finishing time, providing each clue sheet did have answers to the required six questions.

Precision was displayed indeed, with Bob Hutchinson's WHITE SWAN finishing only 66 seconds off, that's 66 out of 11,800 total in the required elapsed time! Not far behind came John Lindsay in GANNET, 96 seconds off. Lois Hastings, who has participated in all five Cape Ann Rendezvous, came third 198 seconds off. After pursuing random courses over a 3 hour plus time in busy Salem Sound, this is pretty good timing.

A final question on the clues sheet was to invite suggestions for improvements for 1986. Those of a printable character included such as: more drinking; anchor and fish with points for pounds of fish; prohibit pipe smoking aboard (Jodice is a pipe smoker); paint Cat Island tower; add points for number of kids aboard. The concept seemed to have caught the fancy of those who took part, so the 1986 event should have some new surprises.

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING, MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS? We'd like to hear, to bring your story to our interested readers. Don't be bashful about your adventures, Someone out there in our readership will enjoy your tale.



September
11-15, 1985

SARANAC LAKE ADIRONDACK GUIDEBOAT SHOW

The Saranac Lake Chamber of Commerce sponsors an annual Adirondack Guideboat show in Saranac Lake, NY each summer, but this year it was held in September to co-incide with the New York State Forest Preserve Centennial celebration. According to Kathleen Ivimey, show organizer, this tie-in helped increase attendance despite the shift from the traditional July 4th weekend.

The public that attended saw 18 traditional Adirondack Guideboats on display, along with tools, raw materials, early photos and catalogs. A total of 14 different builders were represented, many of them new, present day builders who have taken up the traditional boat and its building. Four boats were restored privately owned ones, superbly redone. The six new builders all followed the traditional ways typified by those built by the Hanmer family, father Theodore and son Willard.

An exceptional craft was the E.G. Ricketson churchboat, 22' long with seats and oars in mint condition. The restorer took a year to strip, repair and refinish this marvelous old craft.

The nicely done program booklet for the five day show September 11-15 included details about the builders which we reproduce herewith.



IN 1885 when the New York State Forest Preserve was created, a craft, already old in years and revered by many, was plying the lakes, streams and rivers of the Adirondacks — The Adirondack Guideboat.

Strong, lightweight, durable and eminently stable, the guideboat was the product of the mountain guides. The streamlined guideboat, grandchild of the French-Canadian batteau and the fishing dory, was built over the winter months. Though many built the boat, no one person has ever clearly emerged from historical research as its creator. It came into existence between 1825 and 1835 in the Long Lake, Saranac Lake and Raquette Lake areas where the majority of the guides lived and worked.

The guideboat is a creature of the forest. Its planks are of local pine or cedar, planed and joined on beveled edges with copper tacks and brass screws; its ribs, from the native spruce roots, cut to follow the natural curve for added strength.

The earliest guideboats were square sterned which hindered their effectiveness and stability. The first "double-ender" is credited to Caleb Chase of Newcomb. Its popularity spread as it enabled the craft to be rowed or paddled with ease.

Since the boats were primarily used by guides taking hunting and fishing parties into remote areas, the problem of weight had to be solved. Long "carries" or portages made a lightweight craft a must. Wille Martin of Saranac Lake cut the weight drastically by planing the boards of his "eggshells".

Finishes for the guideboats depended upon the desires of the builders or in later years, the buyers. Boats to be used for deer hunting were painted dark colors — black, green or deep blue — to cut down the reflection of light from the boats which might "spook" the quarry. Those used for fishing would be varnished.

As a mode of transportation, the guideboat had no peer. It was used as a hunting and fishing boat, a freight hauler, a churchboat to carry persons from the resort hotels to Sunday services, and a family boat for general use. It was a convenient way to travel in the Adirondacks before the advent of autos and passable roads.

Today the Adirondack Guideboat is enjoying a resurgence of popularity. Several full-time builders are at work in the Saranac Lake and Long Lake areas, busy with orders for new boats and repairs of classic "old-timers" precious for their beauty, history and uniqueness.

The guideboats displayed in the '85 show are representative of builders throughout the North Country. Some have been built at the turn of the century; others, completed within the past few years. They are all traditional in style using the old materials, patterns and methods of the nineteenth century builders. The grace and beauty of the guideboat is alive and well in the Adirondack Forest Preserve.

Builders Represented at the '85 Adirondack Guideboat Show

AAUSTIN, HAROLD

Born in Long Lake, Austin comes from a family of guideboat builders. Though he spent 20 years in the U.S. Air Force, retiring with the rank of major, he never lost his interest in guideboats. While still on active duty, he began building a guideboat using his grandfather Merlin's plans. At the present time Austin lives in Brandt Lake where he is a minister.

BBLANCHARD, JOHN

1878-1948

Most associated with the Raquette Lake area, Blanchard ceased building guideboats in 1941. His boats are characterized by the great degree of curve to the stem and bow and to the wide bottom board.

BBREHM, WILLIAM F.

From Schenectady, NY, Bill Brehm is a pattern maker for General Electric Company. He is a member of a group called the "Northwoodsmen" who vacation in the Adirondacks. He became interested in the Adirondack guideboat and determined to build one. He dug his own spruce roots for the ribs, let them cure for a year and then began his guideboat. It has taken Brehm three years to complete his first Adirondack guideboat.

BBREITENBACK, JOHN C. JR.

Breitenback summered in the Adirondacks before moving to Silver Bay six years ago. He became interested in the guideboat after visiting the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mt. Lake. He took the Guideboat Builders' Course at North Country Community College and built his first boat in 1983. To date he has completed three boats. His company, Silver Bay Guideboat and Canoe Company, restores antique wooden boats and builds guideboats and canoes.

CAMERON, JAMES

Cameron was a student in the first Guideboat Builders' Class at North Country Community College. He is currently building guideboats at his boatshop on Upper St. Regis Lake. He builds traditional craft using a variety of patterns and woods. All his boats are characterized by fine craftsmanship and exquisite use of woods.

CCARY (CAREY), REUBEN

1847(45?)-1933

Cary was born in Long Lake, Hamilton County in 1847 (45?). His father Thomas was an original Adirondack settler who came from Vermont to Long Lake. Reuben worked on his father's farm until he was about twenty years old when he accepted his first guiding job. Over the years he earned a reputation as a top hunting and fishing guide for many prominent sportsmen. He became caretaker at Brandreth Park where he remained until late in life. Stories recount his guiding hunting trips until well into his eighties. He is known to have followed the trail of the last Adirondack wolf and trapping it at Brandreth Park. He began building guideboats by 1876, possibly earlier. The boats were finely crafted examples of the typical Adirondack guideboat and were produced at his boatshop in Long Lake.

COLE, WARREN

1854-1922

Born in the Saranac Lake area, Cole was a guide and boat builder. He repaired guideboats at The Cedars, Frederick Durant's camp on Forked Lake and at Prospect House on Blue Mt. Lake. He finally opened a shop in Long Lake in 1892. He developed a reputation for building steady boats which were favored by the inexperienced tourists for their stability and ease of rowing. The boats were built of white pine siding with spruce ribs, generally 16' long and weighing about 60 pounds. During his career, he built about 225 guideboats, including some heavier freight boats and small hunting craft. Cole feather-edged the laps and advanced the stem which added grace and elegance to his boats.

EMERSON, W.F.

1873-1953

Long Lake builder operated small boat shop from 1906 to mid 1930's.

GALUSHA, FRANK

A general contractor from North Creek, NY, Frank Galusha has always enjoyed fishing from an Adirondack Guideboat. He decided he needed a hobby for evenings and wintertime, and what better thing to do but try his hand at building a guideboat. To date he has completed two boats.

GEORGE & BLISS

Lake Placid. Operated marina and guideboat building shop.

HHANMER, THEODORE

1860-1957

Born in Black Brook, he moved to Saranac Lake in 1883. He worked as an assistant at Martin's Boatshop before opening his own. Word spread quickly about the quality of his boats; he was soon swamped with orders. As his family grew, he was joined by his son Willard, and together they built about 200 boats. Hanmer said that it "took a woodsman to build a woodsman's boat."

HHANMER, WILLARD

1902-1962

A native of Saranac Lake, Hanmer worked with his father Theodore in the family boatshop on Lower Lake Street. Using hand and power tools, Willard refined the building technique. He used spruce roots for the ribs for added strength. All his wood was cut at his own sawmill giving him complete control of the raw materials for his finely crafted guideboats. The planking was quarter sawn timber with the grain edge facing the outside. The planks were then beveled. Starting at the keel, each plank overlapped the next. They were then glued and secured with brass screws and copper tacks inserted at the lip joint. The boats were then varnished to a high sheen rivaling that of a custom made piece of furniture. They remain today the highest example of the guideboat builder's art.

RICKETSON, E.G.

Few records exist on Ricketson, though early photographs show a thriving boatshop with a dozen guideboats displayed and guides and builders perched on the porches and roofs of the building. It is known that Ricketson's boatshop was near the site of the Brookside Restaurant and the little brook in Bloomingdale. He built guideboats on order for the tourist trade, working boats for guides, and churchboats.

VASSAR, WILLIAM

1866-1948(49?)

Vassar was born in Black Brook where as a ten year old he worked in a sawmill. He moved to Bloomingdale, NY and opened a boatshop on the second floor of his house, knocking out bedroom walls to make a large work area. His boats were all built by hand and are supreme examples of the guideboat builder's art. When the boats were completed, he stored them on the first floor porch of his home, moving them to the front yard as the summer drew near and buyers arrived. The buyers would come to the house, wander around the yard, make their selections or place an order for a personally designed craft. As his family grew, his son joined the business while his daughter caned the seats. Vassar's boats are graceful and the tumblehome stem prominent. He also built heavier freight boats and churchboats for the ever burgeoning business and tourist trade.

What's happening...

Fall 1985



The Boat Shop

East Hampton Historical Society Events

The Easthampton (LI) Historical Society has established a calendar of lectures and seminars for the balance of 1985 as follows:

NOVEMBER 15: Save That Wooden Boat, a discussion of alternative ways to repair or rebuild that treasured old boat using fiberglass or wood epoxy techniques by Redjeb Jordania.

NOVEMBER 16-17: Recreational Boatbuilding, a basic hands-on two day seminar for beginners with no prior experience.

NOVEMBER 22: Coastal Navigation, a lecture on the principles of navigating with charts and compass by Ed Sherrill, Jr.

NOVEMBER 29: Practical Celestial Navigation, a lecture on using instruments and tables to take noon sights for determining location by Ed Sherrill, Jr.

DECEMBER 6: Principles of Celestial Navigation, a follow-up lecture to the November 29th program with more on celestial navigation at times other than at noon, by Ed Sherrill, Jr.

DECEMBER 13: The Case for the Cruising Multihull, a lecture on the advantages of this form of sailing craft for cruising, by Redjeb Jordania.

DECEMBER 14-15: Spar and Oar Making, a two day seminar on building hollow and solid spars and on spoon oar making.

Fees range from \$5 per lecture to \$75 per seminar with discounts for the Museum members. For all the details too numerous to present here, contact Redjeb Jordania at (516) 324-6850 or (516) 324-6393.

PEABODY MUSEUM TSCA MONTHLY MEETINGS

The Traditional Small Craft Association of Salem's (MA) Peabody Museum has resumed its monthly meetings through the coming winter, on the first Thursday evening of each month at 7:30 p.m. This is the 5th year for the group, which now numbers just over 100 members. Monthly meetings feature programs of interest to anyone who enjoys messing about in small boats, speakers and films on designing, building, adventuring. Monthly feature topics are usually set up month to month so no advance listing is possible, but interested persons can learn what's scheduled each month by calling Bob Hicks at (617) 774-0906 on the first of the month.



MUSEM ROWING ASSOCIATION ORGANIZED

A Museum Rowing Association has been established at the Hull Lifesaving Museum with affiliation with the United States Rowing Association. Membership in the Museum Rowing Association is \$35 which includes the individual (\$15) membership in the USRA, membership in the Hull Lifesaving Museum with attendant benefits including free Museum admission and access to Museum boats and training programs, as well as participation in competitive rowing events representing the Museum. The Museum Rowing team trains year round at Hull. For further information contact Ed McCabe at (617) 925-LIFE or (617) 925-4826.



SEBAGO CANOE CLUB

The Sebago Canoe Club of Brooklyn, NY has set up an early winter schedule of activities for members and potential new members:

NOVEMBER 17: New Members Day at the clubhouse in Brooklyn, NY at Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Avenue N. Persons interested in joining the club should come on down for a tour and whatever. Contact Francine Michel at (212) 796-3226.

NOVEMBER 28-DECEMBER 1: Canoeing in the Adirondacks in St. Regis area. Contact Gerry Horn at (718) 332-7230.

DECEMBER 7, 14, 21: Kayak Pool Sessions in Brownsville to learn eskimo roll and to practice it. \$15 for all three sessions, bring your own equipment if you have it and nose clips. Contact Chuck Sutherland at (718) 767-5020.

JANUARY 1: Frostbite Regatta, yes we really go out on the water. Contact Bev & Bob Humble at (516) 546-5965.

For further details on the Sebago Canoe Club (kayaks too) contact Francine Michel at (212) 796-3226.

MUSEUM HOURS AND FEES

The Hull Lifesaving Museum at the old Lifesaving Station in Hull, MA is open Saturdays and Sundays from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. as well as on most holidays. Adult admission is \$1, children 5 to 17 are \$.50 and members and children under 5 are admitted free. Groups may visit at any time by pre-arrangement, call (617) 925-LIFE to make necessary arrangements.

Exhibits this winter include: Massachusetts Humane Society Bicentennial, America's Oldest Lifesaving Organization; Hull Then and Now; Daily life at the Pt. Alorton Life Saving Station; the lifeboat NANTASKET and attendant lifesaving gear such as breeches buoy, etc.; Children's activities related to lifesaving efforts. A demonstration of breeches buoy rescue technique is offered to group tours. For further information call the Museum at (617) 925-LIFE.



Maritime evenings are being scheduled at the MIT Museum, 265 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, MA through the coming winter, open free to the interested public at 7 p.m. Coming up in December:

DECEMBER 11: American Challenge, the onboard story of seven solo sailors facing the ultimate challenge of the Observer Single-handed Trans Atlantic race.

For further information call (617) 253-4444.



MAINE MARITIME HIRES TWO EXPERTS

Two experts in boat construction have recently been hired by the Maine Maritime Museum in Bath, ME. John Burke has been appointed manager of the Percy & Small Shipyard and director of the Apprenticeship and Phil Shelton has been appointed as senior instructor in the Apprenticeship.

John Burke, formerly of Hyannis on Cape Cod has a diverse background in wooden and modern

boats. He recently completed his book on Pete Culler's boats, *THE COMPLETE DESIGN CATALOG* published by International Marine. Burke grew up knowing Culler well. Most recently he was captain of a 600 passenger ferry running from Hyannis to Nantucket and Martha's Vinyard. Earlier Burke supervised construction of two large Cape ferries and two motor launches and oversaw the restoration of the Pilgrim ship replica, *MAYFLOWER II*.

Philip Shelton, formerly of Harrington, ME, has big wooden ship experience, designing and supervising construction of the 65'

wooden schooner *JANET MAY*, as well as converting and rebuilding several other large boats for fishing. He also designed and constructed the 52' sharpie schooner *SQUAW* and restored the *MODESTY* for the Suffolk Marine Museum in New York.

Burke will supervise the overall operation of the 10.5 acre Percy & Small Shipyard and its fleet of boats and exhibition buildings, and will administer the Apprenticeship program replacing Willets Ansel, who has returned to Mystic Seaport. Shelton will oversee the instruction and building programs at the Apprenticeship.



MYSTIC SEAPORT WEATHERS GLORIA

Days of advance preparation for the onset of Hurricane Gloria

resulted in the Mystic Seaport collection on the water suffering no damage. The Seaport was closed to the public midday the day before the storm was expected to hit in order to concentrate on final preparations. The *MORGAN*, *DUNTON* and *CONRAD*, all large vessels remained in their usual places secured with extra lines. The steamboat *SABINO* was moored mid-river to a deadman mooring to avoid possible pierside bashing. Some of the smaller craft were deliberately swamped at their moorings to protect them from anticipated winds.

Valuable artifacts adjacent to the waterfront were removed to inland locations. During the storm one line on the *MORGAN* did part and a team of staff and volunteers worked 45 minutes to get a replacement line in place as the *MORGAN* leaned heavily on the wharf, dragging a mooring bollard. A backhoe was used to hold the *MORGAN* off during this effort. A one day cleanup of the grounds followed and the Seaport re-opened on the 29th of September essentially undamaged by Gloria.

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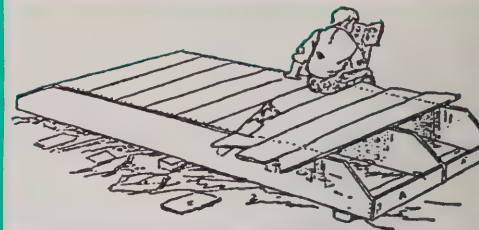
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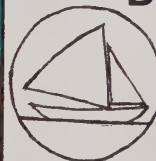
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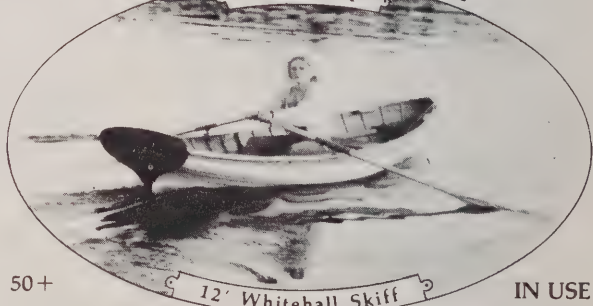
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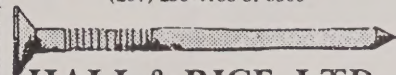
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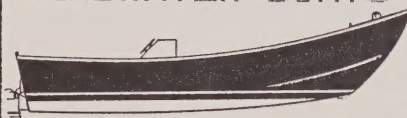
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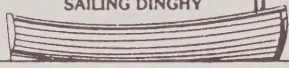
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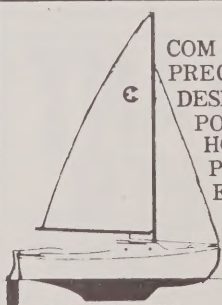


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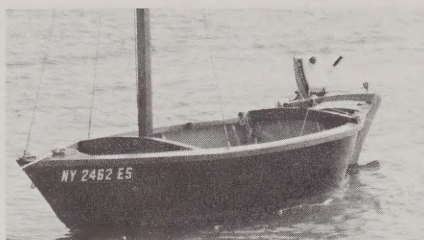
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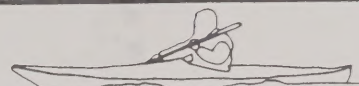
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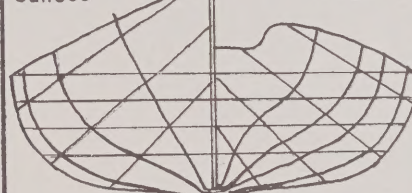
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